SPEECHES

SPOKEN TO THE

King and Queen,

DUKE and *DUCHESSE* of *York*,

In CHRIST-CHURCH Hall,

OXFORD, *Sept.* 29. 1663.

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I.

To the KING.

THIs He, 'tis He indeed, it muſt be ſo; (grow.
None but that Child unto this Man could
Wonder of Fate! A KING out of a PRINCE
Expos'd to deſperate perils ſo long ſince.
What humane Wolf, or yet more kind Wild beaſt,
Caſt from your own, hath took you to her breaſt,
And brought you up; till by your Vertues known,
None dar'd no longer keep you from your Throne?
You came like *Phœbus* ſtriving from a Cloud,
Increaſing brightneſs as he quits the ſhroud:
And as he draws out by his Summer rayes
The ſleeping Inſects to their ſeveral plays;
With greater power your warmer influence calls
Our dormant Houſhold-gods forth from their Walls:
And I their *Genius*, in your abſence mute,
Like *Memnon*'s Statue, your approch ſalute.

Let Roman quils the buſineſs undertake,
Great Panegyricks of your Worth to make;
I will not grieve you with repeated harms,
Nor tire your Modeſty with praiſing charms:
But greet the kind appearance of your face,
Which both amazeth and revives this place;
This place, where taken from our Parents charge
On your Munificence we live at large;
And to the Nobleſt born we boaſt and ſing,
By mean men made, we're nouriſh'd by a KING:
For which we humbly thank you, and confeſs,
Our Aliment, our Learning, and our Dreſs
Is all from you; And this great Structure ſtands
Imperfect, to be finiſh'd by your Hands,
And hath conſum'd numbers of golden ſhowrs,
But ſeems not ſatisfy'd till fill'd with yours.

II.

To the QUEEN.

LEt me not live, Great powers my ſoul invade,
I feel my ſelf thinning into a ſhade.
What Glorie's that, that hovers by your ſide,
And gives you the imbraces of a Bride?
Have you been medling with Celeſtial fire,
A Model of your own thus to inſpire?
Or is She Siſter to *Pygmalion*'s Wife,
The ſecond Ivory that ere took life?
Or is *Aſtræa* woo'd from Heaven again?
Who then ſhall take exceptions at your Reign?

Speak,

Speak, Sir, What is She? for no other eye
Can take the height of her Divinity.
Or will you pleaſe, ſweet Splendor, let us know
In part, what to the Gods for you we owe?
Are you a real Star indeed, let down
To beautifie this long-obſcured Crown?
Or are you made of *Nectar*, which they ſay
Once being ſpilt made ſuch a milky Way?
But if you needs will mortal be, and ſhew
The greater skill by being made below;
Your Mother, ſure, upon Elixirs fed,
The Eaſt blew all its perfumes to her Bed.
Then were you wrap'd in Lilies, which ſo grew
A Coverture o're your own whiter hue,
A Whiteneſs not with ſafety to be ſeen,
Which of a skin of Lilies makes a ſcreen,
Wherein array'd you ſuffer a diſguiſe,
And put on Snow in mercy to our eyes.
The mould wherein your Soul is now inſhrin'd
Is ſuch as Chymiſts ſeek, but ne're can find;
Such as, when you die, it will firſt be told
The Powder's found that can turn all things Gold:
Or ſuch as, when the World was all a Main,
Deucalion kept to make Mankind again.
Such may it prove too, ſince the bliſs we need
Is a young Prince from ſo refin'd a Seed.
Whence ere it is your mighty Beauties ſpring, (KING,
Their ſtreams loſe nought by running towards the

A ſtop

A ſtop in whoſe fair Breaſt their courſe beguiles,
Where like a Sea of Milk they turn in ſmiles;
As in *Endymion*'s, when the Queen of Night
Had in his boſom crowded all her light.
Nor are our hopes exceeded by our prayers,
Your Anceſtors make promiſe for your Heirs;
His, who have made all *Europe* ſhake, and yours,
Who could make Devils flie, or at leaſt Moors:
Of Darkneſs, baniſh'd by a general chaſe,
The Trophees are erected in your Face.
Nature had kept her riches yet unſeen,
Had not the *Portuguez* ſuch ſearchers been;
Who to the fame of finding Worlds unknown,
Have ſhew'd their art in You of making one.
Well might the haughty *Spaniard* interpoſe
With all his wealth to hinder ſuch a cloſe,
As hoping no ſucceſs from his Alarms
'Gainſt *Lisbon*, when She lay in CHARLES his Arms;
But that to rival all his power, in you
CHARLES would be Maſter of the *Indies* too.
But Heavens deſign'd by equal courſe of Fates
The Fall and Reſtauration of your States:
Your Father, and your Husband, long diſown'd,
Were both by parallel wonders re-inthron'd;
And two recover'd Kingdoms now combine
To twiſt a never-diſcontinuing line,
Supplying from Valour and from Beauties ſtore
Kings to beget, and Queens to bring forth more.

To

III.

To the DUKE *of* York.

BUt to remove all fears, behold here ſtands
A Prince that bears Protection in his Hands;
Who in his Infancy to Conqueſt bent,
Did in his Cradle apprehend a Tent;
And ſince by mighty deeds of War hath ſhewn
The Dons a Courage which they ne're durſt own;
Whoſe Arm alone appearing their relief
Made him at once their ſuccour and their grief;
Who without him could not withſtand the Foe,
Yet were aſham'd to be defended ſo.
But what need I, Brave Prince, your Acts rehearſe,
Which are become the Winds charge to diſperſe?
Tritons and Sea-Nymphs ſound and ſing your Name,
The Waves to every ſhore report your Fame:
At your command the Surges riſe and fall,
While *Neptune* acts but your Vice-Admiral.

IV.

To the DUCHESSE.

AND Silver *Thetis* covering her face,
To your Fair Ducheſs hath reſign'd her place.

Spoken

Spoken to the KING *and* QUEEN *in Saint* John's Library.

YOur ſtation 'twixt theſe Globes doth prompt our pen
To fanſie Princes plac'd 'twixt Gods & men;
Here men, there Angels ply their different Spheres,
Our Houſe of Commons, and your Houſe of Peers.
May your laſt Progreſs here reach *Neſtor*'s Summe,
Till the Supreme Star-Chamber call you home:
Whilſt Angels propagate, and you diſplay
A little CHARLES his Waine, and Milky Way;
Theſe Aſteriſms are only wanting yet
To make *White-Hall* a Heaven, and Heaven complete.
Perfection, Madam, from your ſelf muſt grow:
Kings are Immortal, but Queens make them ſo.

THE END.

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VERSES Spoken to the KING, QVEEN, and *DUTCHESSE* of YORKE in St JOHN's Library in *Oxford.*

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